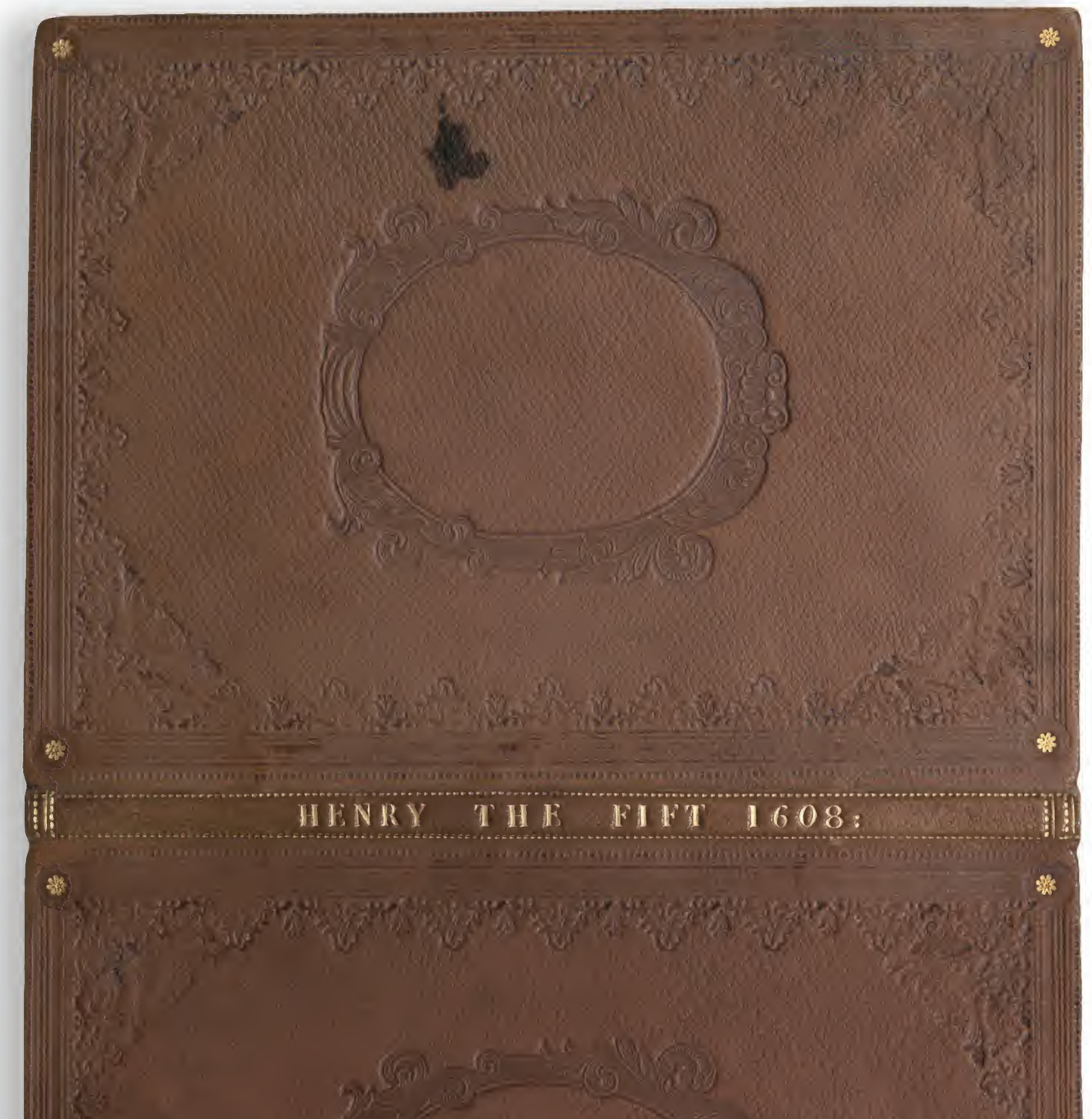
HENRY THE FIFT 1608:

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THE Chronicle Hiſtory of Henry the fifth, with his battell fought at *Agin Court* in France. Together with an-cient *Piſtoll*.

As it hath bene ſundry times playd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.

Printed for *T. P.* 1608.

The Chronicle Hiſtorie of Henry the fift: with his battell fought at *Agin Court* in *France*. Togither with Ancient *Piſtoll*.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, two Biſhops, Clarence, and other Attendants.

Exeter.

SHall I call in th'Ambaſſadors my Liege?

King. Not yet my couſin, till we be reſolu'd
Of ſome ſerious matters touching vs and *France*.

Byſh. God and his Angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you: and good my Lord proceed
Why the Law *Salique* which they haue in *France*,
Or ſhould or ſhould not ſtop in vs our claime:
And God forbid my wiſe and learned Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, frame, or wreſt the ſame.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence ſhall incite vs too.
Therefore take heede how you impawne our perſon,
How you awake the ſleeping ſword of warre:
We charge you in the name of God take heede.
After this coniuration, ſpeake my Lord:
And we will iudge, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you ſpeake, is waſht as pure
As ſin in baptiſme.

Bish. Then heare me gracious Soueraigne, & you Peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith, and seruices
To this imperiall Throne:
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to France,
But one; which they produce from *Faramount*:
No female shall succeed in *Salique* Land;
Which *Salique* Land, the French vniustly gloze
To be the Realme of France,
And *Faramount* the founder of this law and female barre.
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salique* lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the floods of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdude the Saxons
There left behinde, and setled certaine French,
Who holding in disdaine the Germane women,
For some dishonest manners of their liues,
Establisht there this Law. To wit,
No female shall succeed in *Salique* Land:
Which *Salique* land (as I haue sayd before)
Is at this time in Germany, call'd *Mesene*.
Thus doth it well appeare, the *Salique* law
Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the *Salique* land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twenty yeares
After the function of King *Faramount*,
Godly supposd the founder of this Law.
Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the Crowne,
To fine his Title with some shew of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and nought:
Conuey'd himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foresayd Duke of *Lorain*,
So that as cleere as is the summers Sun,
King *Pipins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of *France* vntill this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this *Salique* Law

To barre your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to embrace their crooked causes,
Vsurpt from you and your progenitors.
K. May we with right and conscience make this claime?
Bi. The sin vpon my head dread Soueraigne:
For in the booke of Numbers it is writ,
When the sonne dyes, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord, stand for your owne,
Vnwinde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great Grandsires graue,
From whom you claime:
And your great Vnckle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy,
Making defeate on the full power of *France*,
Whilst his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,
Foraging the blood of French Nobility.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their forces the full power of *France*:
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and colde for action.
King. We must not onely arme vs gainst the *French*,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.
Bi. The Marches gracious soueraigne, shalbe sufficient
To guard your England from the pilfering borderers.
King. We do not meane the coursing sneakers onely,
But feare the maine entendment of the Scot:
For you shall read, neuer my great Grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his vnfurnisht kingdome,
Came pouring like the tide into a breach,
That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the bruit hereof.
Bish. She hath bin then more fear'd then hurt my Lord:

For heare her but examplified by her ſelfe,
When all her chiualry hath bene in *France*,
And ſhe a mourning widdow of her Nobles,
She hath her ſelfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded (as a ſtray) the King of *Scottes*,
VVhom like a caytiffe ſhe did leade to *France*,
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praiſe,
As is the owſe and bottome of the ſea,
VVith ſunken wracke, and ſhipleſſe treaſurie.
Lord. There is a ſaying very old and true.
If you will *France* win,
Then with *Scotland* firſt begin:
For once the Eagle *England* being in pray,
To his vnfurniſht Neſt the weazle *Scot*
VVould ſucke her Egges,
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To ſpoyle and hauocke more then ſhe can eat.
Exe. It followes then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a curſt neceſſity,
Since we haue traps to catch the petty theeues:
VVhilſt that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The aduiſed head controlles at home:
For gouernment though high or low, being put in parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall conſent like muſicke.
Biſh. True, therefore doth heauen
Diuide the fate of man in diuers functions:
VVhereto is added as an ayme or But, Obedience:
For ſo liue the hony bees, creatures that by awe
Ordaine an act of order to a peopled Kingdome.
They haue a King, and Officers of ſort;
Where ſome like Magiſtrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venture Trade abroad:
Others, like ſoldiours armed in their ſtings,
Make boot vpon the ſommers Veluet bud:
VVhich pillage they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royall of their Emperor;
Who buſied in his maieſty, behold

The ſinging Maſons building roofes of Gold,
The ciuill Citizens lading vp the hony,
The ſad-ey'd Iuſtice with his ſurly humme,
Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazie caning drone,
This I inferre, that twenty actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.
As many arrowes loſed ſeuerall wayes, fly to one marke:
As many ſeuerall wayes meete in one Towne:
As many freſh ſtreames run in one ſelfe-ſea:
As many lines cloſe in the diall center:
So may a thouſand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well born without defect.
Therefore my Liege to *France*,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Of which take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withall, ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake.
If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge.
Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth loſe
The name of policy and hardineſſe.
Kin. Call in the meſſenger ſent from the Dolphin,
And by your ayde, the noble ſinnewes of our Land,
France being ours, weel bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in peeces:
Either our Chronicles ſhall with full mouth ſpeake
Freely of our acts, or elſe like tongueleſſe mutes,
Not worſhipt with a paper Epitaph:

Enter the Ambaſſadors from France.

Now are we well prepard to know the Dolphins pleaſure
For we heare your comming is from him.
Ambaſ. Pleaſeth your Maieſty to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge,
Or ſhall I ſparingly ſhew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleaſure, and our Embaſſage?
King. We are no tyrant, but a Chriſtian King,
To whom our ſpirit is as ſubiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our priſons.

Therefore freely, and with vncurbed boldneſſe
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Ambaſ. Then this in fine the Dolphin ſaith,
VVhereas you claime certaine Townes in France,
From your predeceſſor King *Edward* the third,
This he returnes :
He ſaith, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne,
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there :
Therefore he ſendeth meeter for your ſtudie
This tun of treaſure : and in lieu of this,
Deſires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
Heare no more from you. This the Dolphin ſaith.

King. VVhat treaſure Vnckle ?

Exe. Tennis balles my Liege.

King. Wee are glad the Dolphin is ſo pleaſant with vs,
Your meſſage, and his preſent we accept.
When we haue matcht our Rackets to theſe balles,
We wil by Gods grace play him ſuch a ſet,
Shal ſtrike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the courts of France ſhalbe diſturbd with chaſes.
And we vnderſtand him well, how he comes ore vs
With our wilder daies,
Not meaſuring what vſe we made of them.
Weneuer valew'd this poore ſeate of England,
And therefore gaue our ſelues to barbarous Licenſe,
As tis common ſeene,
That men are merrieſt when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our ſtate,
Be like a King, mighty, and command,
When we do rowſe vs in the Throne of France.
For this we haue layd by our Maieſty,
And plodded like a man for working dayes.
But we will riſe therewith ſo full of glory,
That we will dazle all the eyes of France,
I ſtrike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs.

And tell him this,
His mocke hath turn'd his balles to gun-ſtones,
And his ſoule ſhall ſit ſore charged, for the waſtfull
Vengeance that ſhall flye from them,
For this his mocke,
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands,
Mocke mothers from their ſonnes, mocke Caſtles down.
I, ſome are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That ſhall haue cauſe to curſe the Dolphins ſcorne.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom we do appeale : and in whoſe name,
Tell you the Dolphin we are comming on,
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a right cauſe : ſo get you hence, and tell your Prince,
His ieſt will ſauour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with ſafe conduct; ſee them hence.

Exe. This was a merry meſſage.

King. We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it :
Therfore let our collection for the wars be ſoon prouided
For God before, weel check the Dolphin at his fathers
Doore : therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire action may on foote be brought.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Nim and Bardolfe.

Bar. Good morrow Corporall *Nim.*

Nim. Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe.*

Bar. What, is Ancient *Piſtoll* and thee friends yet ?

Nim. I cannot tell, things muſt be as they may :
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron,
Tis a ſimple one, but what tho ; twil ſerue to toſte cheeſe,
And it will endure cold as another mans ſword will,
And theres the humour of it.

Bar. Ifaith Miſtreſſe *Quickly* did thee great wrong,
For thou wert troth-plight to her.

Nim. I muſt do as I may, tho patience be a tired mare,
Yet ſheel plod, and ſome ſay knives haue edges,
And men may ſleepe and haue their throates about them
At that time, and there's the humor of it.

Bar. Come ifaith, Ile beſtow a breakfaſt to make *Piſtoll* and thee friends. What a plague ſhould we carry knives to cut our owne throates.

Nim. Ifaith ile liue as long as I may, that's the certaine of it. And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And there's my reſt, and the randeuous of it.

Enter Piſtoll, and Hoſtes Quickly his wife.

Bar. Good morrow ancient *Piſtoll.*
heere comes ancient *Piſtoll*, I prethee *Nim* be quiet.

Nim. How do you my hoſt?

Piſt. Baſe ſlaue, calleſt thou me hoſt?
Now by gads lugges I ſweare, I ſcorne the title,
Nor ſhall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

Hoſt. No by my troth not I,
For we cannot bed nor boord halfe a ſcore gentlewomen
That liue honeſtly by the pricke of their needle,
But it is thought ſtraight we keepe a bawdy-houſe.
O Lord, heere's Corporall *Nim*, now ſhall
We haue wilfull adultery and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* ſhew the valour of a man,
And put vp your ſword. *Nim.* Puſh.

Piſt. What, doſt thou puſh, thou prickeard cur of Iſeland

Nim. Will you ſhog off? I would haue you ſolus.

Piſt. Solus, egregious dog, that ſolus in thy throate,
And in thy lungs, and which is worſe, within
Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that ſolus
In thy bowels, and in thy law perdie; for I can talke,
And *Piſtols* flaſhing fiery cocke is vp.

Nim. I am not *Barbaſom*, you cannot coniure me;
I haue an humor *Piſtoll* to knocke you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Piſtoll*,
Ile ſcoure you with my Rapier in faire tearmes.

If

If you will walke off a little,
Ile pricke your guts a little in good termes,
And there's the humor of it.

Piſt. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The graue doth gape, and groaning death is neere,
Therefore exall. *They draw.*

Bar. Heare me, he that ſtrikes the firſt blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a Souldier.

Piſt. An oath of mickle might, and fury ſhall abate.

Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or another
In faire termes: and there's the humor of it.

Piſt. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen;
A damned hound, thinkſt thou my ſpouſe to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch foorth the lazar kite of Creſides kinde,
Doll Tear-ſheete, ſhe by name, and her eſpowſe
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely ſhe and Paco, there it is enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hoſtes, you muſt come ſtraight to my Maſter,
And you hoſt *Piſtoll.*
Good *Bardolfe* put thy noſe betweene the ſheetes,
And do the office of a warning pan.

Hoſt. By my troth hee'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of theſe dayes.
Ile go to him, husband you'l come?

Bar. Come *Piſtoll* be friends.

Nim, prethee be friends, and if thou wilt not,
Be enemies with me too.

Ni. I ſhal haue my eight ſhillings I won of you at betting

Piſt. Baſe is the ſlaue that payes.

Ni. That now I will haue, and there's the humor of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound. *They draw.*

Bar. He that ſtrikes the firſt blow,
Ile kill him by this ſword.

Pi. Sword is an oath, and oathes muſt haue their courſe.

Nim. I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at betting.

Pist. A noble shalt thou haue, and ready pay,
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,
And friendship shall combinde our brotherhood,
Ile liue by *Nim*, as *Nim* shall liue by me:
Is not this iust? for I shall Sutler be
Vnto the Campe, and profit will accrue.

Nim. I shall haue my noble?

Pist. In cash most truely paid.

Nim. Why theres the humor of it.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As euer you came of men come in,
Sir *Iohn*, poore soule is so troubled
With a burning tashan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.

Pist. Let vs condole the knight; for lamkins we wil liue.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloster.

Glost. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust these traytors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

Glost. I but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with Princely fauors,
That he should for a forreigne purse, to sell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.

Exe. O the Lord of *Massham*.

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now sirs, the winde is faire, and we will aboord;
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Massham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs Conquerors in the field of *France*?

Massham. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

Cam.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then is your Maiesty.

Grey. Euen those that were your fathers enemies
Haue steeped their gals in hony for your sake.

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnesse,
And shall forget the office of our hands;
According to their cause and worthinesse.

Mas. So seruice shall with steeled sinewes shine,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruice.

King. Vnckle of Exeter, enlarge the man
Committed yesterday, that raild against our person,
We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

Mas. That is mercy, but too much security;
Let him be punisht Soueraigne,
Least the example of him, breed more of such a kinde.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your highnesse, and punish too.

Grey. You shew great mercy if you giue him life,
After the taste of his correction.

King. Alasse, your too much care and loue of me,
Are heauy orisons against the poore wretch,
If little faults proceeding on distemper,
Should not be winked at,
How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed, and digested, appeare before vs;
Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest
In their deare loues, and tender preseruation of our state,
Would haue him punisht.
Now to our French causes.
Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. Me one my Lord,
Your highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Mas. So did you me my Soueraigne.

Grey. And me my Lord.

King.

King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours.
There is yours, my Lord of *Masham*:
And sir *Thomas Grey*, knight of *Northumberland*,
This same is yours;
Reade them, and know we know your worthinesse.
Vnckle *Exeter*, I will aboord to night.
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
What see you in those papers,
That hath so chased your blood out of apparance?
Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercy.
Mash. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is fore-stald and done:
You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their masters worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
These english Monsters:
My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt we were to grace him
In all things belonging to his honor;
And this vilde man hath for a few light crownes,
Lightly conspir'd and sworne vnto the practises of *France*,
To kill vs heere in *Hampton*. To the which,
This knight, no lesse in bounty bound to vs
Then *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworne.
But oh, what shall I say to thee false man,
Thou cruell, ingratefull, and inhumane creature,
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightst haue coyn'd me into gold;
Wouldst thou haue practisde on me for thy vse?
Can it be possible, that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?
Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shew as grose

As blacke from white, mine eye will scarsely see it.
Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practises.
Exe. I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*.
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Masham*.
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Thomas Grey*,
Knight of *Northumberland*.
Mash. Our purposes God iustly hath discouered,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your Maiesty forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it.
King. God quit you in his mercy.
Heare your sentence.
You haue conspir'd against our royall Person,
Ioyned with an enemy proclaim'd and fixed.
And from his Coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death,
Touching our person we seeke no redresse,
But we our kingdomes safety must so tender,
Whose ruine you haue sought,
That to our lawes we do deliuer you.
Get you hence, poore miserable creatures to your death,
The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you patience
To endure, and true repentance of all your deeds amisse:
Beare them hence.

Exit three Lords.

Now Lords to *France*: The enterprise whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, successiuely. (way,
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our
Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance;
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*.

Exit omnes.

Enter

Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hoster, and a boy.

Host. I prethee sweet heart,
Let me bring thee so farre as *Staines*.
Pist. No fur, no fur.
Bar. Well, sir *Iohn* is gone, God be with him.
Host. I, he is in *Arthors* bosome, if euer any were,
He went away as if it were a crysombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iust at turning of the tide;
His nose was as sharpe as a pen;
For when I saw him fumble with the sheets,
And talke of flowers, and smile vpon his fingers ends,
I knew there was no way but one.
How now sir *Iohn*, quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not thinke of God,
I hope there was no such need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes on his feete,
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone,
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.
And so vpward, & vpward, and all was as cold as stone.
Nim. They say he cride out on Sacke.
Host. I that he did.
Boy. And of women.
Host. No that he did not.
Boy. Yes that he did, & sed they were diuels incarnste.
Host, Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.
Nim. Well, he did cry out on women.
Host. Indeed he d id in some sort handle women
But then he was rumaticke,
And talkt of the whore of Babilon.
Boy. Hostes, do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* nose, and sed it was a blacke soule
Burning in hell?

Bard.

Bar. Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.
Nim. Shall we shog off?
The king will be gone from *Southampton*.
Pist. Cleare vp thy cristals,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables;
Trust none; the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And hold fast is the onely dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,
Touch her soft lips and part.
Bar. Farewell hostesse.
Nim. I cannot kis, and theres the humor of it,
But adieu.
Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin, and others.

King. Now you Lords of *Orleance*,
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
You see the King of England is not slacke,
For he is footed on this Land already.
Dolphin. My gracious Lord,
Tis meete we all go foorth,
And arme vs against the foe:
And view the weake and sickly parts of *France*:
But let vs do it with no shew of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were troubled with a Morris dance.
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
Her scepter so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.
Con. O peace Prince Dolphin, you deceiue your selfe,

Queſtion your Grace the late Embaſſador,
With what regard he heard his Embaſſage,
How well ſupplied with aged Counſellors,
And how his reſolution anſwer'd him,
You then would ſay, that *Harry* was not wilde.
King. Well, thinke we *Harry* ſtrong,
And ſtrongly arme vs to preuent the foe.
Con. My Lord, heere is an Ambaſſador
From the King of England.
King. Bid him come in.
You ſee this chaſe is hotly followed, Lords.
Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this Engliſh ſhort,
Selfe-loue my Liege is not ſo vile a thing
As ſelfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother of England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maieſty;
He wils you in the name of God Almighty,
That you deueſt your ſelfe, and lay apart
That borrowed title, which by gift of heauen,
Of law, of nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the Crowne
And all wide ſtretched titles that belongs
Vnto the crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awkeward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vaniſht daies
Nor from the duſt of old oblition racke,
He ſends you theſe moſt memorable lines,
In euery branch truely demonſtrated:
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euenly deriued
From his moſt famed and famous Anceſtors,
Edward the third; he bids you then reſigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the native and true Challenger.

King.

King. If not, what followes?
Exe. Bloody cõſtraint, for if you hide the crown
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempeſt is he comming
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Ioue*,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:
And on your heads turnes he the widows teares
The orphants cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maidens grones,
For husbands, fathers, and diſtreſſed louers,
Which ſhall be ſwallowed in this controuerſie.
This is his claime, his threatning, & my meſſage,
Vnleſſe the Dolphin be in preſence heere,
To whom expreſly we bring greeting too.
Dol. For the Dolphin? I ſtand here for him,
What to heare from England.
Exe. Scorn & defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at:
Thus ſaith my King. Vnles your fathers highnes
Sweeten the bitter mocke you ſent his Maieſty,
Hee'l call you to ſo loud an anſwer for it,
That Caues and wombly Vaults of *France*
Shall chide your treſpaſſe, & returne your mock,
In ſecond accent of his Ordenance.
Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
It is againſt my will:
For I deſire nothing ſo much,
As oddes with England.
And for that cauſe, according to his youth,
I did preſent him with thoſe *Paris* balles.
Exe. Hee'l make your *Paris* Louer ſhake for it,
Were it the Miſtreſſe Court of mighty *Europe*.
And be aſſured, you'l finde a difference,
As we his ſubiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene his yonger daies, and theſe he muſters now;

Now he weighes time euen to the lateſt graine,
Which you ſhall finde in your owne loſſes,
If we ſtay in *France*.

King. Well, for vs you ſhall returne our anſwer backe
To our brother of England.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, and Boy.

Nim. Before God heeres hot ſeruice.

Piſt. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vaſſals drop and dye.

Nim, Tis honor, and there's the humor of it.

Boy. Would I were in London,
Ide giue all my honour for a pot of Ale.

Piſt. And I: if wiſhes would preuaile,
I would not ſtay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewellen, and beats them in.

Flew. Gods plud, vp to the breaches
You raſcals, will you not vp to the breaches?

Nim. Abate thy rage ſweete knight,
Abate thy rage.

Boy. Well, I would I were once from them;
They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their Gloues and their
Handkerchers, they will ſteale any thing.
Bardolfe ſtole a Lute-caſe, carried it three mile,
And ſold it for three halfepence.
Nim ſtole a fire-ſhouell,
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:
Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them.

Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, and Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Flewellen*, you muſt come ſtrait
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloſter*.

Flew.

Flew. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not ſo good
To come to the Mines: the concuaueties is otherwiſe,
You may diſcuſſe to the Duke, the enemy is digd
Himſelfe fiue yards vnder the countermines:
By *Ieſhu* I thinke hoel blow vp all,
If there be no better direction.

Alarum. Enter the King and his Lords.

King. How yet reſolues the Gouernor of the Towne?
This is the lateſt parley weel admit;
Therefore to our beſt mercy giue your ſelues,
Or like to men proud of deſtruction, defie vs to our worſt,
For as I am a ſouldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me beſt, if we begin the battery once againe,
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harflew,
Till in her aſhes ſhe be buried,
The gates of mercy are all ſhut vp.
What ſay you, will you yeeld and this auoid,
Or guilty in defence be thus deſtroid?

Enter Gouernor.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of ſuccout we entreated,
Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege: therefore dread King,
We yeeld our towne and liues to thy ſoft mercy:
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defenſiue now.

Enter Katherine and Alice.

Kate. Alice venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,
Coman ſae palla vou la main en francoy.

Alice.

Alice. La main madam de han.
Kate. E da bras.
Alice. De arma madam.
Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma,
Alice. O wye Madam.
Kate. E Coman ſa pella vow la menton a la coll.
Alice. De neck, e de cin, Madam.
Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.
Alice. De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo Madam.
Kate. Ecowte Ie reherſera, towt cella que Iac opoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.
Alice. De elbo Madam.
Kate. O Ieſu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute Ie recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.
Alice. May foy Madam, vou parla au ſe bon Angloy,
Aſie vous aues ettue en Englatara.
Kate. Par la grace de deu an petty tanes. Ie parle milleur
Coman ſe pella vou le peid e le robe.
Alice. Le foot, e le con.
Kate. Le foot, e le con, O Ieſu! Ie ne veu poinct parle,
Sie plus deuant le cho cheualires de franca,
Pur one million ma foy.
Alice. Madam, de ſoote, e le con.
Kate. O et ill auſie, ecoute *Alice*, de han, de arma,
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.
Alice. Cet fort bon Madam.
Kate. A loues a diner.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France, Lord Conſtable, the Dolphin, and Bourbon.

King. Tis certaine he is paſt the Riuer *Some.*
Con. Mordeu ma via: Shall a few ſpranes of vs,
(The emptying of our fathers luxery)

Out-

Outgrow their grafters.
Bur. Normanes, baſtard Normanes, mor du,
And if they paſſe vnfought withall,
Ieſell my Dukedome for a foggy Farme
In that ſhort nooke Ile of England.
Con. Why whence haue they this mettall?
Is not their Climate raw, foggy, and cold.
On whom, as in diſdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?
Can barley broth, a drench for ſwolne Iades,
Their ſodden water decockt ſuch liuely blood?
And ſhall our quicke blood, ſpirited with wine,
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,
Let vs not hang like frozen Iceſickles
Vpon our houſes tops, while they (a more frosty Climate)
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.
King. Conſtable diſpatch, ſend *Montioy* foorth,
To know what willing ranſome he will giue:
Sonne *Dolphin*, you ſhall ſtay in *Rhone* with me.
Dol. Not ſo, I do beſeech your Maieſty.
King. Well, I ſay it ſhall be ſo.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. How now Captaine *Flewellen*,
Come you from the bridge?
Flew. By Ieſus there's excellent ſeruice committed at the bridge?
Gower. Is the Duke of *Exeter* ſafe?
Flew. The Duke of *Exeter* is a man whom I loue,
And I honour, and I worſhip with my ſoule,
And my heart, and my life,
And my lands, and my liuings,
And my vttermoſt powers.
The Duke is looke you,
God be praiſed and pleaſed for it,
No harme in the worell.

He

He is maintaine the Bridge very gallantly:
There is an Enſigne there,
I do not know how you call him,
But by *Ieſhu* I thinke he is as valiant as *Marke Anthony*,
He doth maintaine the Bridge moſt gallantly;
Yet he is a man of no reckoning;
But I did ſee him do gallant ſeruice.

Gower. how do you call him?

Flew. his name is ancient *Piſtoll.*

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Piſtoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Piſt. Captaine, I thee beſeech to do me a fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

Flew. I, and I praiſe God I haue merited ſome loue at his hands.

Piſt. *Bardolfe* a ſouldier, one of buxſome valour,
Hath by furious fate, and giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That God's blinde that ſtands vpon the rowling reſtleſſe ſtone.

Flew. By your patience Ancient *Piſtoll*,
Fortune looke you is painted plinde,
With a muſler before her eyes,
To ſignifie to you, that Fortune is plinde:
And ſhe is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the Morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconſtant, and variation, and mutabilities:
And her fate is fixed at a ſphericall ſtone,
Which rolles, and rolles, and rolles;
Surely the Poet is make an excellent deſcription of Fortune.
Fortune looke you is an excellent Morall.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath ſtolne a packs, and hangd muſt he be;
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,

Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe ſtop.
But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,
For packs of petty price:
Therefore go ſpeake, the Duke will heare thy voice,
And let not *Bardolfes* vitall thred be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flew. Captaine *Piſtoll*, I partly vnderſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flew. Certainly Ancient *Piſtoll*,
Tis not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would wiſh the Duke
To do his pleaſure, and put him to executions;
For looke you, diſciplines ought to be kept,
They ought to be kept.

Piſt. Die and be damned, and a fig for thy friendſhip.

Flew. That is good.

Piſt. The figge of *Spaine* within thy law.

Flew. That is very well.

Piſt. I ſay the fig within thy bowels & thy durty maw.

Exit Piſtoll.

Flew. Captaine *Gower*, cannot you heare it lighten and thunder?

Gower. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?
I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cut-purſe.

Flew. By Ieſus he is vtter as praue words vpon the bridge
As you ſhall deſire to ſee in a ſommers day;
But tis all one, what he hath ſed to me,
Looke you, is all one.

Gower. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue
That goes to the wars onely to grace himſelfe
At his returne to London:
And ſuch fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Commanders names.
They will learne by rote where ſeruices were done,
At ſuch and ſuch a ſconce, at ſuch a breach,

At ſuch a conuoy, who came off brauely, who was ſhot,
Who diſgraced, what termes the enemy ſtood on.
And this they con perfectly in phraſe of warre,
Which they tricke vp with new tun'd oathes,
And what a beard of the Generals cut,
And a horrid ſhout of the Campe
Will do among the foming bottles and alewaſht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you muſt learne
To know ſuch ſlanders of this age,
Or elſe you may meruellouſly be miſtooke.
Flew. Certaine Captaine *Gower*, it is not the man,
Looke you, that I did take him to be:
But when time ſhall ſerue, I ſhall tell him a little
Of my deſires: heere comes his Maieſty.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloſter, and others.

King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?
Flew. I and it ſhall pleaſe your Maieſty,
There is excellent ſeruice at the bridge.
King. What men haue you loſt *Flewellen*?
Flew. And it ſhall pleaſe your Maieſty,
The partition of the aduerſary hath beene great,
Very reaſonably great, but for our owne parts,
I thinke we haue loſt neuer a man, vnleſſe it be one
For robbing of a Church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maieſty
Know the man, his face is full of whelks, and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his noſe
Like a coale, ſometimes red, ſometimes plew;
But God be praiſed, now his noſe is executed,
And his fire out.
King. We would haue all offenders ſo cut off,
And here we giue expreſſe commandement,
That there be nothing taken from the villages
But paid for; none of the French abuſed,
Or vpbraided with diſdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenity play for a Kingdome,
The gentleſt gameſter is the ſooner winner.

Enter the French Herauld.

Herald. You know me by my habite.
King. Well then, we know thee,
What ſhould we know of thee?
Her. My Maſters minde. *King.* Vnfold it.
Her. Go thee vnto *Harry* of England, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better ſouldier then raſhneſſe:
Although we did ſeeme dead, we did but ſlumber.
Now we ſpeake vpon our kue, & our voyce is imperiall,
England ſhall repent her folly, ſee her raſhneſſe,
And admire our ſufferance. VVhich to ranſome,
His pettineſſe would bow vnder:
For the effuſion of our blood, his army is too weake;
For the diſgrace we haue borne, himſelfe kneeling
At our feete, a weake and worthleſſe ſatisfaction.
To this, adde defiance.
So much from the King my Maſter.
King. VVhat is thy name? we know thy quality.
Herald. Montioy.
King. Thou doſt thy office faire, returne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I do not ſeeke him now;
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to *Callis*; for to ſay the ſooth,
(Though tis no wiſedome to confeſſe ſo much
Vnto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My ſouldiers are with ſickneſſe much enfeebled,
My Army leſſened, and thoſe few I haue,
Almoſt no better then ſo many French:
VVho when they were in heart, I tell thee Herald,
I thought vpon one paire of Engliſh legs,
Did march three Frenchmens.
Yet God forgiue me, that I do brag thus;
Your aire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.
I muſt repent, go tell thy Matter here I am,
My ranſome is this fraile and worthleſſe body,
My Army but a weake and ſickly guard.

Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and ſuch another neighbor ſtood in our way;
If we may paſſe, we will; if we be hindered,
We ſhal your tawny grou̅d with your red blood diſcolour
So *Montioy* get you gone, there's for your paines:
The ſum of all our anſwere is but this,
We would not ſeeke a battle as we are;
Nor as we are, we ſay we will not ſhun it.

Herald. I ſhall deliuer ſo: thanks to your Maieſty.

Gloſt. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs;
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exit.*

Enter Burbon, Conſtable, Orleance, and Gebon.

Con. Tut, I haue the beſt armour in the world.

Orleance. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horſe haue his due.

Bur. Now you talke of a horſe,
I haue a ſteed like the Palfrey of the ſunne,
Nothing but pure aire and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate of the Ginger.
Turne all the ſands into eloquent tongues,
And my horſe is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praiſe of my horſe,
And began thus, Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin ſo,
In the praiſe of ones Miſtreſſe.

Bur. Why then did they imitate
That which I writ in praiſe of my horſe,
For my horſe is my Miſtreſſe.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me-thought
Your Miſtreſſe ſhooke you ſhrewdly.

Bur.

Bur. I, beating me. I tell thee Lord Conſtable,
My Miſtreſſe weares her owne haire.

Con. I could make as good a boaſt of that,
If I had a Sow to my Miſtreſſe.

Bur. Tut, thou wilt make vſe of any thing.

Con. Yet I do not vſe my horſe for my Miſtreſſe.

Bur. Will it neuer be morning?
Ile ride too morrow a mile,
And my way ſhall be paued with engliſh faces.

Con. By my faith ſo will not I,
For feare I be out-faced of my way. *Exit.*

Bur. Well, ile go arme my ſelfe; hay.

Gebon. The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morning.

Orleance. I, he longs to eate the Engliſh.

Con. I thinke hee'l eate all he kils.

Orlean. O peace, ill will neuer ſaid well.

Con. Ile cap that Prouerbe,
With there's flattery in friendſhip.

Orle. O ſir, I can anſwer that,
With giue the Diuell his due.

Con. Haue at the eye of that Prouerbe,
With a iogge of the Diuell.

Orle. Well, the Duke of *Burbon* is ſimply
The moſt actiue Gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing his actiuity, and hee'l ſtill be doing.

Orle. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.

Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.

Orle. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.

Con. I was told ſo by one that knowes him better then you.

Orle. Whoſe that?

Con. Why he told me ſo himſelfe.
And ſaid he cared not who knew it.

Orle. Well, who will go with me to hazard,
For a hundred Engliſh priſoners?

Con. You muſt go to hazard your ſelfe,

Before

Before you haue them.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, the English lie within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.

Con. VVho hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord *Granpeere.*

Con. A valiant man, an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away,
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.

Pist. Ke ve la?

King. A friend.

Pist. Discus vnto me, art thou a gentleman?
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trailes thou the puissant Pike?

King. Euen so sir. VVhat are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

King. O then thou art better then the King.

Pist. The Kings a bago, and a hart of gold,
A lad of life, an impe of fame,
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kis his durty shooe, and from my heart strings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man;
Art thou of Cornish crew?

King. No sir, I am a *Welchman.*

Pist. A *Welchman*; knowst thou *Flewellen?*

King. I sir, he is my kinsman.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. I sir.

Pist. Figa for thee then; my name is *Pistoll.*

King. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Pist.

Pist. Pistoll is my name. *Exit Pistoll.*

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. Captaine *Flewellen.*

Flew. In the name of Iesu speake lower.
It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the ancient
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.
I warrant you, if you looke into the wars of the *Romanes,*
You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bibble babble there,
But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies to be otherwise.

Gow. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.

Flew. Godes sollud, if the enemy be an asse & a foole,
And a prating cocks-combe, is it meet that we be also
A foole, and a prating cocks-combe,
In your conscience now?

Gower. Ile speake lower.

Flew. I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gower.*

Exit Gower and Flewellen.

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion,
Yet there's much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?

2. *Soul.* I, we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well, I thinke the King could wish himselfe
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

King. Now masters good morrow, what cheare?

3. *Soul.* Ifaith small cheere some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day to an end.

King. Why feare nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. *Soul.* I he may be, for he hath no cause as we.

King. Nay say not so, he is a man as we are,
The Violet smels to him as vnto vs;
Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.

2. *Soul.*

2. *Soul.* But the King hath a heauy reckoning to make,
If his cauſe be not good; when all thoſe ſoules
Whoſe bodies ſhall be ſlaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And ſay I dyed at ſuch a place. Some ſwearing;
Some their wiues rawly left;
Some leauing their children poore behinde them.
Now if his cauſe be bad,
I thinke it will be a greeuous matter to him.
King. Why ſo you may ſay, if a man ſend his ſeruant
As Factor into another Country,
And he by any meanes miſcarry,
You may ſay the buſineſſe of the Maſter
Was the author of his ſeruants miſ-fortune.
Or if a ſonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leud action, you may ſay the father
Was the author of his ſonnes damnation.
But the maſter is not to anſwer for his ſeruant,
The father for his ſonne, nor the king for his ſubiects;
For they purpoſe not their deaths,
When they craue their ſeruices;
Some there are that haue the gift
Of premeditated murder on them:
Others the broken ſeale of Forgery, in beguiling maidens
Now if theſe out-ſtrip the law,
Yet they cannot eſcape Gods puniſhment.
War is Gods Beadle. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans ſeruice is the Kings:
But euery mans ſoule is his owne.
Therefore I would haue euery ſouldier examine himſelfe,
And waſh euery moth out of his conſcience,
That in ſo doing, he may be the readier for death;
Or not dying, why the time was well ſpent,
Wherein ſuch preparation was made.
3. *Soul.* I faith he ſaies true,
Euery mans fault is on his owne head,

I would not haue the king anſwer for me,
Yet I intend to fight luſtily for him.
King. Well, I heard the king wold not be ranſomd.
2. *Soul.* I he ſaid ſo, to make vs fight;
But when our throats be cut, he may be ranſomd,
And we neuer the wiſer.
King. If I liue to ſee that, ile neuer truſt his word againe.
2. *Soul.* Maſſe you'l pay him then,
Tis a great diſpleaſure that an elder
Gun can do againſt a Cannon,
Or a ſubiect againſt a Monarch.
You'l nere take his word againe, you are a naſſe, goe.
King. Your reproofe is ſomewhat too bitter;
Were it not at this time I could be angry.
2. *Soul.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.
King. How ſhall I know thee?
2. *Soul.* Here's my gloue, which if euer I ſee in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and ſtrike thee.
King. Here is likewiſe another of mine,
And aſſure thee ile weare it.
2. *Soul.* Thou dar'ſt as well be hangd.
3. *Soul.* Be friends you foolés,
We haue French quarrels enow in hand,
We haue no need of Engliſh broyles.
King. Tis no treaſon to cut French Crownes,
For to morrow the King himſelfe will be a clipper.

Exit the ſouldiers.

Enter to the King, Glocester, Epingham, and Attendants.

King. O God of battels ſteele my ſouldiers harts,
Take from them now the ſence of reckoning,
That the appoſed multitudes which ſtand before them,
May not appale their courage.
O not too day, not too day O God,

Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compaſſing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body haue interred new,
And on it hath beſtow'd more contrite teares,
Then from it iſſued forced drops of blood;
A hundred men haue I in yearely pay,
Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen, to pardon blood,
And I haue built two Chanceries, more will I do:
Though all that I can do is all too little.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. My Lord.
King. My brother Gloſters voice.
Glo. My Lord, the army ſtayes vpon your preſence.
Kin. Stay Gloſter ſtay, and I will go with thee,
The day, my friends, and all things ſtayes for me.

Enter Clarence, Gloſter, Exeter, & Salisbury.

War. My Lords, the French are very ſtrong.
Ex. There's fiue to one, and yet they are all freſh.
War. Of fighting men they haue full forty thouſand.
Sal. The odds is all too great. Farwell kinde Lords:
Braue Clarence, and my Lord of Gloſter,
My Lord of Warwicke, and to all farewell.
Cla. Farewell kinde Lords, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true ſparkes of honor.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thouſand men
Now at this inſtant, that doth not worke in England.
Kin. Whoſe that, that wiſhes ſo, my couſen Warwick?
Gods will I would not looſe the honour
One man would ſhare from me,
Not for my kingdome.

No faith my Coſen, wiſh not one man more,
Rather proclaime it preſently through our camp
That he that hath no ſtomacke to this feaſt
Let him depart, his paſport ſhall bee drawne,
And crownes for conuoy put into his purſe,
We would not dye in that mans company,
That feares his fellowſhip to dye with vs.
This day is called the day of Criſpin:
He that out-liues this day, and ſees olde age,
Shall ſtand a tipto when this day is named,
And rowſe him at the name of Criſpin.
He that out-liues this day, and comes ſafe home,
Shall yearly on the vigill feaſt his friends,
And ſay, to morrow is S. Criſpins day:
Then ſhall we in their flowing boules
Be newly remembred. *Harry* the King,
Bedford and *Exeter*, *Clarence*, and *Gloſter*,
Warwicke, and *Yorke*,
Familiar in their mouths as houſhold wordes.
This ſtory ſhall the good man tell his ſon,
And from this day vnto the generall doome,
But we in it ſhall be remembred.
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,
For he to day that ſheds his blood by mine
Shall be my brother. Be he nere ſo baſe
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
Then ſhal he ſtrip his ſleeues, & ſhew his ſcars,
And ſay, theſe wounds I had on Criſpins day.
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themſelues accurſt,
They were not there, when any ſpeakes
That fought with vs vpon S. Criſpines day.
Glo. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.
Kin. Why all things are ready if our mindes be ſo.
War. Periſh the man whoſe minde is backward now.

King. Thou doſt not wiſh more helpe from England,
Couſen?

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battell out.
Why well ſaid. That doth pleaſe me better,
Then to wiſh me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herauld from the French.

Her. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for ranſome?

King. Who hath ſent thee now?

Her. The Conſtable of *France*.

King. I prethee beare my former anſwer backe,
Bid them atchieue me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God, why ſhould they mocke good fellowes thus?
The man that once did ſell the Lyons skin
VVhile the beaſt liued, was kild with hunting him.
And many of our bodies ſhall no doubt
Finde graues within your Realme of *France*:
Though buried in your dunghils, we ſhall be famed,
For there the Sunne ſhall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your clime;
The ſmell whereof, ſhall breed a plague in *France*;
Marke then abundant valour in our Engliſh,
That being dead, like to the bullets craſing,
Breakes foorth into a ſecond courſe of miſchiefe,
Killing in relaps of mortality:
Let me ſpeake proudly,
There's not a peece of feather in our Campe,
Good argument I hope we ſhall not flye,
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the maſſe, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore ſouldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'l be in freſher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloaths ore your French ſouldiers eares,
And turne them out of ſeruice. If they do this,
As if it pleaſe God they ſhall,
Then ſhall our ranſome ſoone be leuied;
Saue thou thy labour Herauld,
Come thou no more for ranſome, gentle Herauld.
They ſhall haue nought I ſweare, but theſe my bones:
Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
VVill yeeld them little, tell the Conſtable.

Her. I ſhall deliuer ſo. *Exit Herald.*

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue
The leading of the vaward.

King. Take it braue *Yorke*.
Come ſouldiers let's away,
And as thou pleaſeſt God, diſpoſe the day. *Exit.*

Enter the foure French Lords.

Gebon. O diabello.

Con. Mor du ma vie.

Orle. O what a day is this!

Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is loſt.

Con. VVe are enow yet liuing in the field,
To ſmother vp the Engliſh,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a baſe leno hold the chamber doore,
VVhy leaſt by a ſlaue no gentler then my dog,
His faireſt daughter is contamuracke.

Con. Diſorder that hath ſpoild vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, wee'l offer vp our liues
Vnto theſe Engliſh, or elſe die with fame.

Come, come along,
Lets dye with honor, our ſhame doth laſt too long.

Exit omnes

Enter Piſtoll, the French man, and the boy.

Piſt. Eyld cur, eyld cur.
French. O Monſieur, ie vou en pree aues petie de moy.
Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerue, I will haue forty moys.
Boy, aske his name.
Boy. Comant ettes v ous apelles?
Fren. Monſieur Fer.
Boy. He ſayes his name is maſter Fer.
Piſt. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him,
Boy diſcuſſe the ſame in French.
Boy. Sir I do not know whats French for Fer, ferite, and fearke.
Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill voulles couple votre gorge.
Piſt. Onye ma foy couple la gorge,
Vnleſſe thou giue to me egregious ranſome, dye.
One point of a fox.
Fren. Qui dit ill monſieur,
Ill dityе ſi vou ny vouly pa domy luy.
Boy. La gran ranſome, ill voutueres.
Fren. O ie vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle
A cee, gran Captaine, pour auez mercie
A moy, ey iee donerees pour mon ranſome
Cinquante ocios. Ie ſuyes vngentelhome de France.
Piſt. What ſayes he boy?
Boy. Marry ſir he ſayes he is a gentleman of a great
Houſe of France, and for his ranſome,
He will giue you ſoo. Crownes.
Piſt. My fury ſhall abate,
And I the Crownes will take,
And as I ſucke blood, I will ſome mercie ſhew.

Folow

Follow me cur.

Exit omnes

Enter the King, his Nobles, and Piſtoll.

King. What the French retire?
Yet als not done, the French keepes ſtill the field.
Ex. The Duke of Yorke commends him to your Grace.
Kin. Liues he good vnkle, twice I ſaw him downe,
Twice vp againe:
From helmet to the ſpur, all bleeding ore.
Exe. In which array, braue ſouldier doth he lye,
Larding the plaines, and by his bloody ſide,
Yoake-fellow to his honour-dying wounds,
The Noble Earle of Suffolke alſo lyes.
Suffolke firſt dyed, and Yorke all wounded ore
Comes to him where in blood he lay all ſteept,
And takes him by the beard, kiſſes the gaſhes
That bloudily did yawne vpon his face,
And cryed alowd, tarry deere couſin Suffolke:
My ſoule ſhall thine keepe company in heauen:
Tarry deere ſoule awhile, then flye to reſt:
And in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept togither in our Chiualry:
Vpon theſe words I came and cheer'd them vp,
He tooke me by the hand, ſaide deere my Lorde,
Commend my ſeruice to my Soueraigne,
So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded arme, and ſo eſpouſd to death
With blood he ſealed. An argument,
Of neuer-ending loue.
The pretty and ſweete manner of it,
Forc'd thoſe waters from me, which I would haue ſtopte,
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into my eyes,
And gaue me vp to teares.
Kin. I blame you not: for hearing you,
I muſt conuert to teares.

Alarum

Alarum ſounds.

VVhat new alarum is this?
Bid euery ſouldier kill his priſoner.
Piſt. Couple gorge. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

Flew. Godes plud kill the boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be deſired
In the worell now, in your conſcience now.
Gower. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue,
And the cowardly raſcals that ran from the battell,
Themſelues haue done this ſlaughter;
Beſide, they haue carried away and burnt
All that was in the Kings Tent:
VVhereupon the king cauſed euery priſoners
Throat to be cut. Oh he is a worthy King.
Flew. I, he was borne at *Monmouth*;
Captaine *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?
Gower. *Alexander* the great.
Flew. VVhy I pray, is not big great?
As if I ſay, big, or great, or magnanimous,
I hope tis all one reckoning,
Saue the phraſe is a little varation.
Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the great
VVas borne at *Macedon*,
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As I take it.
Flew. I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed
VVhere *Alexander* was borne:
Looke you Captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the Maps of the worell well,
You ſhall finde little difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there is

A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is alſo a Riuer
In *Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*
Is called Wye.
But tis out of my braine what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis ſo like, as my fingers is to fingers,
And there is Samons in both.
Looke you Captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,
You ſhall finde our King is come after *Alexander*,
God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
Bowles, and his Ales, and his wrath, & his diſpleaſures
And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.
Gow. I but our King is not like him in that,
For he neuer kild any of his friends.
Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finiſhed:
I ſpeake in the compariſons, as *Alexander* is kill
His friend *Clitus*: ſo our King being in his ripe
Wits and iudgements, is turne away the fat Knite
With the great belly doublet:
I am forget his name.
Gower. Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.
Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir Iohn Falſtaffe indeed,
I can tell you, there's good men borne at *Monmorth*,

Enter the King and his Lords.

King. I was not angry ſince I came in France,
Vntill this houre.
Take a Trumpet Herauld,
And ride vnto the horſemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or leaue the field, they do offend our ſight.
Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as faſt
As ſtones enforc'd from the old Aſſyrian ſlings.
Beſides, weel cut the throats of thoſe we haue,
And not one aliue ſhall taſte our mercy.

 Enter

Enter the Herald.

Gods will what meanes this? knowſt thou not
That we haue fined theſe bones of ours for ranſome?
Her. I come great King for charitable fauour,
To ſort our Nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the fielde lye ſpoiled and troden on.
Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I do not know whether the day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keepe the field.
Her. The day is yours.
Kin. Praiſed be God therefore:
What Caſtle call you that?
Her. We call it Agincourt.
Kin. Then call we this the fielde of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Criſpin, Criſpianus.
Flew. Your Grandfather of famous memory,
If your Grace be remembred,
Is do good ſeruice in France.
King. Tis true *Flewellen.*
Flew. Your Maieſty ſayes very true.
And it pleaſe your Maieſty,
The Welſhmen there was do good ſeruice,
In a Garden where Leekes did grow,
And I thinke your Maieſty will take no ſcorne,
To weare a Leeke in your cap vpon S. Dauies day.
King. No Flewellen, for I am Welſh as well as you.
Flew. All the water in Wye will not waſh your welch
Blood out of you. God keepe it, and preſerue it,
To his graces will and pleaſure.
King. Thankes good Countrey-man.
Flew. By Ieſu I am your Maieſties Countryman, (man.
I care not who kno it, ſo long as your maieſty is an honeſt
King. God keepe me ſo. Our Herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the ſcattered French,

Exit Heralds

Call

Call yonder ſouldier hither.
Flew. You fellow, come to the King.
Kin. Fellow, why doſt thou weare that gloue in thy hat?
Soul. And pleaſe your maieſty, tis a raſcalles that ſwaggard with me the other day: and he hath one of mine, the which if euer I ſee, I haue ſworne to ſtrike him: ſo hath he the like to mee.
Kin. How thinke you Flewellen, is it lawfull to keep his Oath?
Fl. And it pleaſe your Maieſty tis lawful to keep his vow If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggarly knaue, as treads vpon too blacke ſhooes.
King. His enemy may be a Gentleman of worth.
Flew. And if he be as good a Gentleman as Lucifer and Belzebub and the diuell himſelfe,
Tis meete he keepe his vow.
King. Well ſirrha keepe your word,
Vnder what Captaine ſerueſt thou?
Soul. Vnder Captaine *Gower.*
Flew. Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine,
And hath good litterature in the warres.
Kin. Go call him hither.
Soul. I will my Lord.

Exit ſouldier.

Kin. Captaine Flewellen, when *Alanſon* and I
Were downe together, I tooke this gloue from's helmet,
Heere Flewellen weare it.
If any challenge it, he is a friend of *Alonſons,*
And an enemy to me.
Flew. Your Maieſty doth me as great a fauour,
As can be deſired in the hearts of his ſubiects.
I would ſee that man now that wold challenge this gloue
And it pleaſe God of his grace I would but ſee him,
That is all.
King. Flewellen knowſt thou Captaine *Gower*?
Flew. Captaine *Gower* is my friend

And

And if it like your maiesty, I know him very well.
King. Go call him hither.
Flew. I will and it shall please your maiesty.
Kin. Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,
The gloue he weares, it was the soldiers:
It may be there will be harme betweene them,
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as Gun-powder:
And quickly will returne an iniury.
Go see there be no harme betweene them.

Enter Captaine Gower, Flewellen, and the Soldier.

Flew. Captaine *Gower*, in the name of Iesu
Come to his maiesty, there is more good towards you
Then you can dreame of.
Soul. Do you heare, you sir,
Do you know this gloue?
Flew. I know the gloue is a gloue.
Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.
He strikes him.
Flew. Gods plut, and his Captaine *Gower* stand away,
Ile giue treason his due presently.

Enter the King, Warwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.

King. How now? Whats the matter?
Flew. And it shall please your maiesty,
Heere is the notablest peece of treason come to light
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Heere is a rascall, beggerly rascall is strike the gloue,
Which your maiesty in person
Tooke out of the Helmet of *Alanson*:
And your maiesty will beare me witnesses,

And testimonies, and auouchments,
That this is the gloue.
Soul. And it please your maiesty,
That was my gloue.
He that I gaue it to in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat:
I promised to strike him if he did.
I met that Gentleman with my gloue in's hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my worde.
Flew. Your Maiesty heares,
Vnder your Maiestyes man-hoode,
What a beggerly lowsie knaue it is.
King. Let me see thy gloue.
Looke you, this is the fellow of it.
It was I indeede you promised to strike.
And thou hast giuen me most bitter words,
How canst thou make vs amends?
Flew. Let his necke answer it,
If there be any marshals law in the worell.
Soul. My Liege,
All offences come from the heart:
Neuer came any from mine
To offend your Maiesty.
You appeard to me but as a common man:
Witnesse the night, your garments,
Your lowlinesse; and whatsoeuer
You receiued vnder that habite,
I beseech your maiesty, impute it
To your owne fault, and not to mine.
For your selfe came not like your selfe:
Had you beene as you seemed then to mee,
I had made no offence, my gracious Lord,
Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.
Kin. Vnckle, fill the gloue with Crownes,
And giue it to the souldier.
Weare it fellow,

As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Giue him the Crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I muſt needs haue you friends.

Flew. By Ieſus, the fellowe hath mettall enough in his belly.
Harke you ſouldier, There is a filling for you,
And keepe your ſelfe out of brawles,
And prabbles, and diſſentions,
And looke you, it ſhall be the better for you.

Soul. Ile none of your money ſir, not I.

Flew. Why tis a good filling man:
Why ſhould you be queamiſh?
Your ſhooes are not ſo good.
It will ſerue you to mend your ſhooes.

Kin. What men of ſort are taken vncklel?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchquall*.
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, beſides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thouſand
French, that in the fielde lyes ſlaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the fielde,
Charles de le Brute, high Conſtanble of France,
Iaques of *Chatillian*, Admirall of France,
The maſter of the Croſſe-bowes, *Iohn* Duke *Alonſon*,
Lord *Rambieres*, high Maſter of France.
The braue ſir *Gwigzard*, Dolphin. Of *Nobelle Charillas*,
Gran *Prie* and *Roſſe*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*,
Gerard and *Verton*, *Vandemant* and *Leſtra*.

King. Heeres was a royall fellowſhip of death,
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?

Exe. Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Eſquire,
And of all the other, but fiue and twenty.

King. O God, thy arme was heere,
And vnto thee alone, aſcribe we praiſe:

When

When without ſtratageme,
And euen in ſhocke of battell, was euer heard
So great and little loſſe, on one part and another?
Take it O God, for it is onely thine.

Exe. Tis wonderfull.

Kin. Come, let vs go on proceſſion through the campe:
Let it be death proclaim'd to any man
To boaſt heereof, or take the praiſe from God,
Which is his due.

Flew. Is it lawfull, and it pleaſe your Maieſty,
To tell how many is kild?

Kin. Yes Flewellen,
But with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flew. Yes in my conſcience, he did vs great good.

kin. Let there be ſung Nououes and Te Deum,
The dead with charity enter'd in clay:
Weel then to *Calice*, and to England then,
Where nere from *France*, arriu'd more happier men.

Exit omnes.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. But why do you weare your Leeke to day?
Saint *Danies* is paſt?

Flew. There is occaſion Captaine *Gower*,
Looke you why, and wherefore:
The other day looke you, *Piſtolles*
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worell, is come where I was the other day,
And brings bread and ſalt, and biddes mee
Eate my Leeke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where I could moue no diſſentions,
But if I can ſee him, I ſhall tell him
A little of my deſires.

Gow. Heere he comes ſwelling like a Turky-cocke.

Enter

Enter Piſtoll.

Flewellen. Tis no matter for his ſwelling, and his turki-cockes.
God pleſſe you Ancient Piſtoll, you ſcall,
Beggerly, lowſy knaue, God pleſſe you.
Piſt. Ha, art thou Bedlem?
Doſt thou thurſt baſe Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of Leeke.
Flew. Ancient Piſtoll.
I would deſire you becauſe it doth not agree
With your ſtomackes, and your appetites,
And your digeſtions, to eate this Leeke.
Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.
Flew. There is one Goate for you, ancient Piſtol.
He ſtrikes him.

Piſt. Baſe Troyan, thou ſhalt dye.
Flewellen. I, I know I ſhall dye:
But in the meane time, I would deſire you
To liue and eate this Leeke.
Gower. Enough Captaine,
You haue aſtoniſht him, it is enough.
Flewel. Aſtoniſht him,
By Ieſu, Ile beate his head foure dayes
And foure nights too, but Ile make him
Eate ſome part of my Leeke.
Piſt. Well muſt I bite?
Flew. I out of queſtion, or doubt, or ambiguities,
You muſt bite.

He makes Ancient Piſtoll bite of the Leeke.
Piſtol. Good, good.

Flewel.

Flewellen. I Leekes are good, ancient *Piſtoll.*
Looke you now, there is a ſilling for you
To heale your bloody coxcombe.
Piſt. Me a ſhilling.
Flew. If you will not take it,
I haue another Leeke for you.
Piſt. I take thy ſhilling in earneſt of reckoning.
Flew. If I owe you any thing,
I will pay you in Cudgelles:
You ſhall be a Wood-monger,
And buy Cudgels. And ſo God be with you
Ancient Piſtoll, God pleſſe you,
And heale your broken pate.
Ancient *Piſtoll*, if you ſee Leekes another time,
Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you.

Exit Flewellen,

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtirre for this.
Doth Fortune play the huſwife with me now?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike loynes?
Well France farewell, newes haue I certainly
That Doll is ſicke. One malady of France
The warres affoordeth nought, home will I trug,
Baud will I turne, and vſe the ſlight of hand:
To England will I ſteale,
And there Ile ſteale:
And patches will I get vnto theſe ſcarres,
And ſweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.

Exit Piſtoll

Enter at one doore, the King of England and his Lords.

And at the other doore, the King of France, Queene Katherine, the Duke of Burbon, and others.

Harry. Peace to this meeting,
Wherefore we are met,
And to our brother France, faire time of day.
Faire health vnto our louely couſin Katherine,
And as a branch, and member of this ſtocke,
We do ſalute you, Duke of *Burgundy*.

Fran. Brother of England,
Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
So are we Princes Engliſh euery one.

Duke. With pardon vnto your mightineſſe:
Let it not diſpleaſe you, if I demaund
What rub or barre hath thus farre hindred you
To keepe you from the gentle ſpeech of peace?

Har. If Duke of *Burgundy* you would haue peace,
You muſt buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our Articles.

Fran. We haue but with a curſorary eye
Ore-view'd them; pleaſeth your Grace,
To let ſome of your Counſell ſit with vs,
We ſhall returne our peremptory anſwer.

Har. Go Lords, and ſit with them,
And bring vs anſwer backe.
yet leaue our couſen Katherine heere behind.

Fran. Withall our hearts.

Exit French King and the Lords.

Manet, king Henry, Katherine, and the Gentlewoman.

Har. Now Kate,
You haue a blunt wooer heere left with you.
If I could winne thee at Leape-frog,
Or with vaulting with my armour on my backe
Into my ſaddle,
Without bragge be it ſpoken,
Ide make compare with any.

But leauing that Kate,
If thou takeſt me now,
Thou ſhalt haue me at the worſt,
And in wearing thou ſhalt haue me better and better,
Thou ſhalt haue a face that is not worth ſun-burning.
But doeſt thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint Denis and Saint George,
Shall get a boy, that ſhall go to Conſtantinople,
And take the great Turke by the beard?
Ha, *Kate.*

Kate. Is it poſſible dat me ſall
Loue de enemy de France.

Harry. No *Kate*,
It is vnpoſſible you ſhould loue the enemy of France:
For Kate I loue France ſo well,
That Ile not leaue a village,
Ile haue it all mine. Then Kate,
When France is mine,
And I am yours:
Then France is yours,
And you are mine.

Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.

Harry. No Kate,
Why Ile tell you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married husband.
Let me ſee, Saint Dennis be my ſpeede.
Quan France & mon.

Kate. Dat is, when France is yours.

Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.

Kate. And I am to you.

Harry. Douck France ettes a vous.

Kate. Den France ſall be mine.

Harry. Et ie ſuyues a vous.

Kate. And you will be to me.

Har. Wilt beleeue me *Kate*? Tis eaſier for me

To conquer the kingdome,
Then to ſpeake ſo much more French.
Kate. A your Maieſty
Has falſe France enough, to deceiue
De beſt Lady in France.
Harry. No faith Kate not I.
But Kate prethee tell me in plaine tearmes,
Doſt thou loue me?
Kate. I cannot tell.
Harry. No: Can of any your Neighbours tel,
Ile aske them.
Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.
And ſoone when you are in your Cloſſet,
Youle queſtion this Lady of me:
But I pray thee ſweet Kate, vſe me mercifully,
Becauſe I loue thee cruelly.
That I ſhall dye Kate, is ſure:
But for thy loue by the Lord neuer.
What wench.
A ſtraight backe will grow crooked,
A round eye will grow hollow,
A great legge will waxe ſmall,
A curld pate proue bald:
But a good heart Kate is the Sun and the Moon,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore Kate take me,
Take a ſouldier, take a ſouldier,
Take a king:
Therefore tell me Kate, wilt thou haue mee?
Kate. Dat is as pleaſe de king my Father.
Harry. Nay it will pleaſe him,
Nay it ſhall pleaſe him Kate,
And vpon that condition Kate ile kiſſe thee.
Ka. O mon du ie ne voudroy faire quelk choſſe
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree fachion en fauor,

Harry. What ſayes ſhe Lady?
Lady. Dat it is not de faſion in France
For de maides, befor da be married to
May foy ie oblye, what is to baſſie?
Har. To kiſſe, to kiſſe.
O that tis not the faſhion in France
For the maids to kiſſe before they are married.
Lady. O wye ſee votree grace.
Har. Well, weel breake that cuſtome.
Therefore Kate patience perforce and yeelde.
Before God Kate you haue witcheraft
In your kiſſes:
And may perſwade with me more
Then all the French Councell.
Your father is returned.

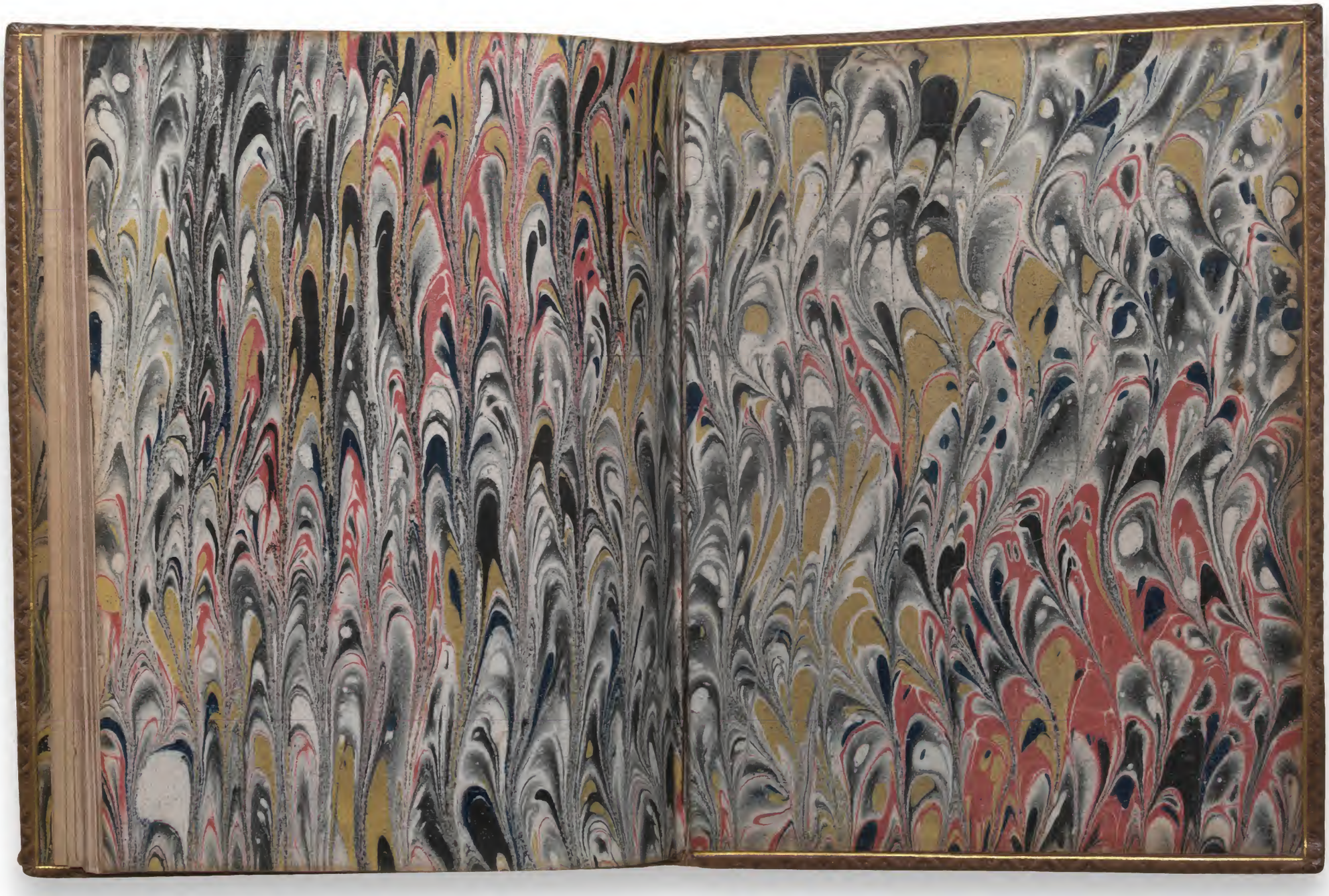
Enter the Kings of France, and the Lordes.

How now my Lords?
Fran. Brother of England,
We haue ordered the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in ſedule had.
Exe. Onely he hath not ſubſcribed this,
Where your Maieſty demands,
That the King of France hauing any occaſion
To write for matter of grant,
Shall name your Highneſſe in this forme:
And with this addition in French,
Noſtre treſher filz, Henry Roy d' Angleterre,
Eheare de France. And thus in Latine:
Preclariſſimus filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ,
Et heres Franciæ.
Fran. Nor this haue we ſo nicely ſtood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the ſame.

Harry. Why then let this among the reſt
Haue his full courſe: And withall,
Your daughter *Katherine* in marriage.
Fran. This and what elſe
your Maieſty ſhall craue:
God that diſpoſeth all, giue you much ioy.
Har. Why then faire *Katherine*,
Come giue me thy hand:
Our matriage will we preſent ſolemnize,
And end our hatred by a bond of loue.
Then will I ſweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to me,
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken be.

FINIS.

C. and P.- Peculiarities collated.
J.O.N.
2

Sig. B.2. l.23. warning pan.
— E.3. l.9. vm.

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